

presidential election and from what I've heard of the two men they were much alike in many ways. I can remember well uncle Giles Gaylord and his wife Aunt Joanna. They were pioneers I trow [sic] for if struggles and privations and hardwork to bring up a large number of worthy children of their own, and numbers of others not their own, was the work of pioneers, then they were pioneers indeed. I remember well my grandfather and grandmother, Reuben and Sally Ann Peck. It seems but yesterday I sat at their feet and drank in with a boy's eagerness stories of the trials of those early days. My grandmother was a great reader and a great thinker and in Civil war times the best of men in the community hardly dared to attempt an argument with her. She was a natural herb doctor too, and the sweet savor of tansy and boneset and peppermint and spearmint herbs that hung about her old kitchen and garret are with me yet. I always felt when taken sick that I was surely going to get well if grandmother could only come with her teas and cordials and plasters and materials for sweats. My grandfather, Reuben Peck, was one of the best of men. I remember the splendid Christian spirit he manifested at a trying time at the Aldenville Baptist Church. My father who was a deacon in that church for forty years, had invited a woman who was a member of the Methodist church, but who had been baptised by immersion, to sit at the communion table with her daughter who had that day been received into fellowship with the Baptist church. The minister and some others were shocked, but my father held that the baptist church was founded not on close communion but on close baptism, and as this Mother had been baptised by immersion, she had complied with the Bible command and was there fore entitled to sit at the Lord's table with her daughter. The matter came up for discussion at the next covenant meeting, and as always when doctrinal questions are up for consideration much rancor and bitterness were exhibited. When discussion was at the crisis grandfather arose, his face beaming with Christian charity and spoke these words which were like oil poured upon the troubled waters:- "The sands of my life are well nigh run. It will be but a little while till I go home. I don't believe Heaven will be just what I expect, if I do not find some of my good Methodist brothers and sisters there, men and women who have been my neighbors for many years and who have shown forth in their lives that they have kept the faith each as I have tried to do. I don't believe that when we get up to the gates of that beautiful land we will be asked what church we belonged to. It will be all right and we will be bidden to enter if we have followed the best light God has given us. So it seems to me, my friends, that we are not doing just as Jesus